rather blank at his face, answered that I did not know him. "Your King/* was his most emphatic rejoinder, and he added something more that half escaped his lips, in the shape of an imprecation but he checked himself the moment his eyes met mine. How was I to believe that this was His Majesty himself, in person, standing and talking to me, when there was no distinguishing sign or emblem of Royalty to be seen about him? I doubt whether it would have been possible even for his own people to recognise him as King George, under the present circumstances, divested as he was of his regal robe and para-phernalia, aides-de-camps and guard of honour. No wonder that I failed to recognise him as such. When at last he came to understand that I was not ready to accept him as King George, even though he had told me so him-self, his position seemed to appear very false indeed. In order to save himself from this awkward situation, he took recourse to some means that he thought would establish his identity beyond all doubt. He saw

that I was
taking a book from the library to
read, and this
put into Kis head the idea of getting a
book from